Grif has been capitalising on how much the world owes him. Doc, as part of his mandated penance, ghostwrote the Reds and Blues adventures and now they live in relative comfort.
But the craze is shortlived. Doc overestimated how popular it was (“So you’d let me list it on Amazon!”/“THEY TAKE LIKE A THIRD!”)

—

SARGE
I love war because, well- I have to. Every bullet that skims by my head must be welcomed, asked for, or else I would go mad. And with this mindset I have defeated super-men, swung wars, and brought gods, *GODS* to their knees, my son. Now I ask you-

SARGE
-does the coupon say two pizzas or not.

PHONE
It’s expired sir.

SARGE
*YOU’RE EXPIRED SIR*

CABOOSE
Did you tell em what the coupon says

SARGE
Yes god damn it I told em what the coupon says

CABOOSE
And what’d *they* say?

PHONE
Sir if you’re not ordering I’ll have to hang up

SARGE
Alright. Grif, warm up the tank (no), Simmons undress me in preparation for my war garments (what?), Caboose, fetch the Batman costume (okay), we’re declaring war on Sammie Raphaellos (into phone) YOU WILL REAP THE WHIRLWIND, AND THERE IS NO EXPIRATION ON THAT SOLEMN VOW

GRIF
Wait, Sammie Raphaellos? You realise they don’t deliver to other planets. Are you- Sarge are you calling collect?

SARGE
No

SIMMONS/GRIF
Hang up! Hang up!

SIMMONS
Oh god. My savings…

SARGE
I pay for the wifi, Caboose pays the xbox live subscription, you pay the phone

SIMMONS
The phone *includes* wifi

CAROLINA
Guys the wifi just turned off

GRIF
*SARGE YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE*

SARGE
How else are we gonna eat?

DOC
Guys dinner’s nearly ready, don’t fill up on- *rage*. You all seem *enraged*